THE PRINT MINT
ADULTS ONLY
No.2
TALES OF SEX AND DEATH
75¢
YOU? LOVE ME?
HA HA HA HA HA!!
BUT PROFESSOR! THOUGH BRILLIANT, YOU'RE SUCH A MISSHAPEN WRETCH!
...SPURN MY AFFECTIONS?? ...LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, MY PRETTY!
Roger Brand. '71

The Greening of AMERICA

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CONT. ON INSIDE BACK COVER

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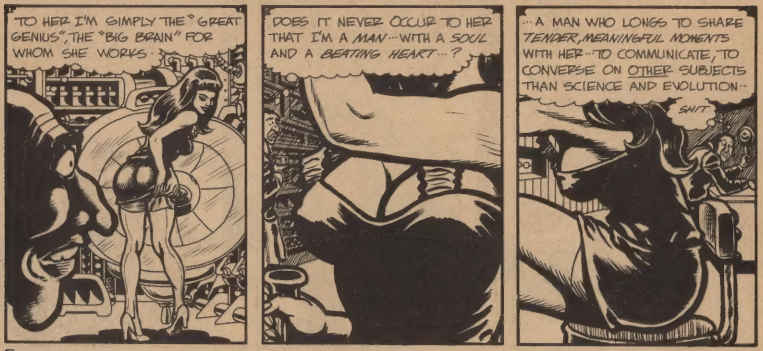
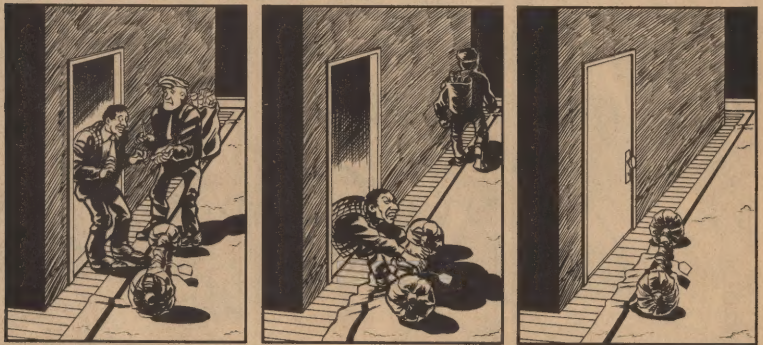
PROFESSOR HIRAM POTTEY, THOUGH A RENOWNED NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER AND THE ONLY MAN EVER TO BREED A COUNTING TURTLE, WAS NOT A HAPPY MAN··· FOR HE CHERISHED A SECRET LOVE FOR HIS ASSISTANT, MISS DORA ASHLEY, WHO PREFERRED FOOTBALL PLAYERS. "AH," THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR OFTEN···

"IF BRAINS WERE MUSCLES···!"

YES, THE SAP WAS IN LOVE, AND DORA ASHLEY'S SINCERE ADMIRATION FOR HIS BRILLIANCE WAS POOR SOLACE FOR HER INFURIATINGLY CONVENTIONAL AND PHYSICAL TASTE IN ROMANTIC PARTNERS.



PROF. POTTEY ONCE DECIDED HE WOULD TRY TO MEET HER ON HER OWN TERMS, BY LIFTING WEIGHTS. BUT HE SOON ABANDONED THIS PLAN.

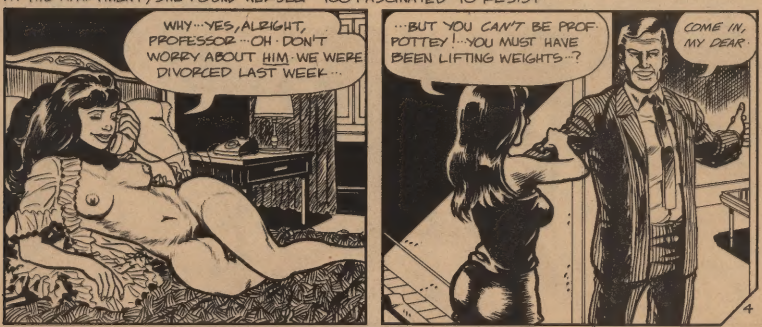


ONE DAY WHEN THE PROFESSOR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON A FIELD TRIP, HIS ASSISTANT WAS FUCKING HER BOYFRIEND IN THE LABORATORY. THEN IT STARTED RAINING, SO PROF. POTTEY CAME BACK EARLY. IN HER HASTE TO LEAVE, MISS ASHLEY FORGOT TO PUT ON HER UNDERWEAR!

THE NEXT MORNING HE WENT TO THE LAB REEKING OF COURAGE AND CHEAP COLOGNE, AND TOLD HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT THAT HE "GOT HER MESSAGE" OF YESTERDAY, AND PROFESSED HIS LOVE.

IN THE COMING WEEKS PROF. POTTEY WENT INTO SECLUSION, LIVING IN HIS LABORATORY AND SEEING NO ONE, WORKING FEVERISHLY, A MAN POSSESSED AND DRIVEN…

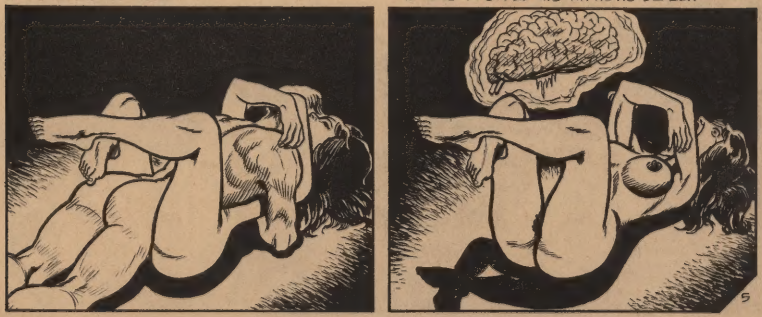
THE FOLLOWING DAY, DORA ASHLEY GOT A CALL FROM AN UNBELIEVABLY VIRILE AND DEBONAIR VOICE, WHICH CLAIMED TO BE THAT OF HIRAM POTTEY! WHEN HE ASKED HER TO COME SEE HIM AT HIS APARTMENT, SHE FOUND HERSELF TOO FASCINATED TO RESIST.



BUT!...THE PROFESSOR'S UNDERTAKING HAD BEEN FOR MORE THAN A MERE NEW FRAME; HE HAD SOUGHT TO EVOLVE HIMSELF TO HUMANITY'S VERY PINNACLE, OR AT LEAST HIS IDEA OF ITS PINNACLE. HE HAD DISPENSED WITH BODY ALTOGETHER (THO' HE STILL LUSTED AFTER MISS ASHLEY'S).

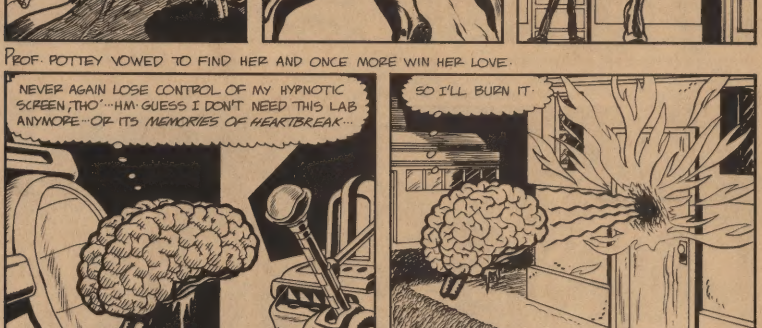
PROF. POTTEY WAS IN HEAVEN. UNFORTUNATELY, HE WAS APPROACHING ORGASM... SOMETHING HE JUST WASN'T PREPARED FOR... AND AT THE MOMENT HE "DROPPED HIS LOAD"...

...HE ALSO DROPPED HIS HYPNOTIC SCREEN.



SHOWING AMAZING PRESENCE OF MIND, MISS ASHLEY MANAGED TO PUT HER CLOTHES ON BEFORE RUNNING OUT IN THE STREET··· THE PROFESSOR RESTORED HIS HUMAN IMAGE, BUT TO NO AVAIL···

PROF. POTTEY VOWED TO FIND HER AND ONCE MORE WIN HER LOVE.



DORA ASHLEY MOVED SHORTLY AFTER, AND LEFT NO WORD OF HER WHEREABOUTS. THE PROFESSOR REMEMBERED THAT SHE LIKED THE FANCY UPTOWN BARS AND, FASHIONING A NEW HUMAN IMAGE, BEGAN HANGING OUT IN THEM.

IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE BARTENDERS CAME TO MARVEL AT THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN WHO DRANK ALL NIGHT WITHOUT GETTING DRUNK, WHO TIPPED LIKE A RAJAH, AND WHO EYED EVERY WOMAN WHO CAME IN, BUT NEITHER MADE ANY PASSES NOR RESPONDED TO THEM...

THE WOMEN HE TURNED DOWN WERE ACTUALLY CLASSIER NUMBERS THAN DORA ASHLEY...

...BUT HE WAS A SOUL-IN-LOVE, AND STUBBORN. HE WAITED PATIENTLY, AND FINALLY —

As Miss Ashley walked near, Prof. Pottey hailed her escort telepathically, in such a way that he thought he heard a spoken voice…

HE HUMPED AWAY HAPPILY, APPROACHING ORGASM, AND AT THE MOMENT HE BEACHED ORGASM...

..HE DROPPED HIS MIND SCREEN (CHUCKLE).

MISS ASHLEY HAD "TAKEN TO "PACKING A ROD", AS A WISE YOUNG LADY MIGHT WELL DO THESE DAYS...

...PROF. POTTEY AGAIN "HUMANIZED" IN VAIN (FORGETTING HE HAD BEEN NUDE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE)...

...AND MISS ASHLEY WAS BY NOW AN EXPERT AT DRESSING AND DASHING FOR THE DOOR.

—SO WAS THAT THE END OF THE PROF.?... 'COURSE NOT! HE'S STILL THE SAME OLD SUPER-GENIUS AS BEFORE, THO' A LITTLE DINGY, AS SOME ESSENTIAL BRAIN CELLS WERE DESTROYED BY DORA ASHLEY'S BULLETS. NOW HE LIVES SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE TENDERLOIN, WHERE RECENTLY THERE HAVE BEEN STRANGE STORIES TOLD OF A GOLDEN ADONIS WITH A PREDILECTION FOR AGING HOOKERS...

NITE-LIFER

ART: C. DALLAS - SCRIPT: C. & S. DALLAS

IT'S BEEN A LONG, DULL NIGHT OF MIND-NUMBING TELEVISION. YOU NEED A DRINK AND A WOMAN.

HUMMMMMMMMM

GODDAMN BORE.

YOU CURSE THIS SEXLESS LIFE AND WHATEVER FORCES BIND YOU TO IT.

NOT THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY WOMEN—THERE MUST BE *HUNDREDS!* AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL ONE OF THEM GIVES IN—ISN'T IT?

NAKED
NO COVER NO

PRETTIEST GALS IN TOWN—NO COVER!

NUDES GIVES FLESH

...SINNERS...ALL OF 'EM!

UHNUHN!

ANOTHER DRINK, SIR?

FIRST THERE'S BEVERLY—A SWEET YOUNG TART. YOU WATCH HER GYRATIONS INTENTLY, LONGINGLY.

I WANNA BE YER LOVER BABY...

OH YEH

CLANG HONK

TWANG WHINE SCREE

OH! SOCK IT TO ME!

HUH? OH—YEAH, AND ONE FOR THE YOUNG LADY DANCING.

HI, WALTER HONEY—HEY, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY—HOW ABOUT SOME CHAMPAGNE TO CELEBRATE!

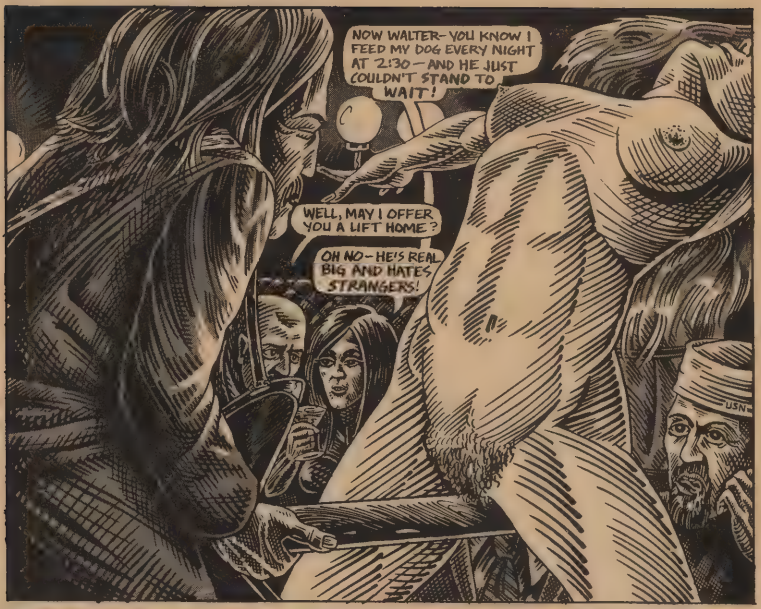
WHIP

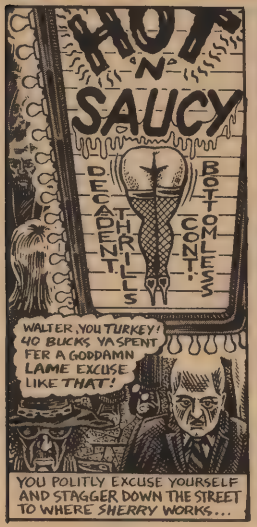
WHY SURE! HOW OLD ARE YA SWEETIE?

A FEW JOLTS LATER AND YOU'RE READY WITH THE *BIG QUESTION*...

CARE TO JOIN ME FOR BREAKFAST WHEN YOU GET OFF?

4


NOW WALTER- YOU KNOW I FEED MY DOG EVERY NIGHT AT 2:30 — AND HE JUST COULDN'T STAND TO WAIT!
WELL, MAY I OFFER YOU A LIFT HOME?
OH NO - HE'S REAL BIG AND HATES STRANGERS!
USN

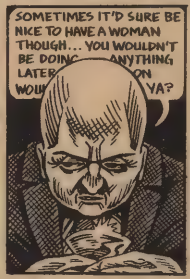

HOT 'N SAUCY
DECADENT THRILLS
CONT. BOTTOMLESS
WALTER, YOU TURKEY! 40 BUCKS YA SPENT FER A GODDAMN LAME EXCUSE LIKE THAT!
YOU POLITLY EXCUSE YOURSELF AND STAGGER DOWN THE STREET TO WHERE SHERRY WORKS...

SHERRY! HEY, COME TALK TO ME FOR A WHILE!
SCOTCH & SODA COCKTAIL UP!
HI WALTER - LISTEN, THIS GUY'S BUYIN' ME A LOTTA DRINKS AND...

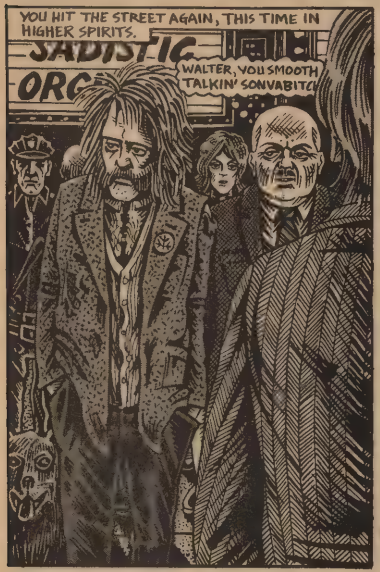
IS HE BUYING QUARTS OF CHAMPAGNE?
WHY NO, WALTER HONEY — LEAD THE WAY!
2

YOU TALK ABOUT YOURSELF FOR HOURS AND THE PAIN VANISHES. SHERRY'S SO UNDERSTANDING – DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. IF YOU COULD LOVE ANY OF THEM IT WOULD BE SHE.
Y'KNOW, I ALMOST GOT MARRIED ONCE – DUMB BROAD SAID I'D NEVER MAKE 'ER RICH!... THAT'S WHY SHE LEFT ME...

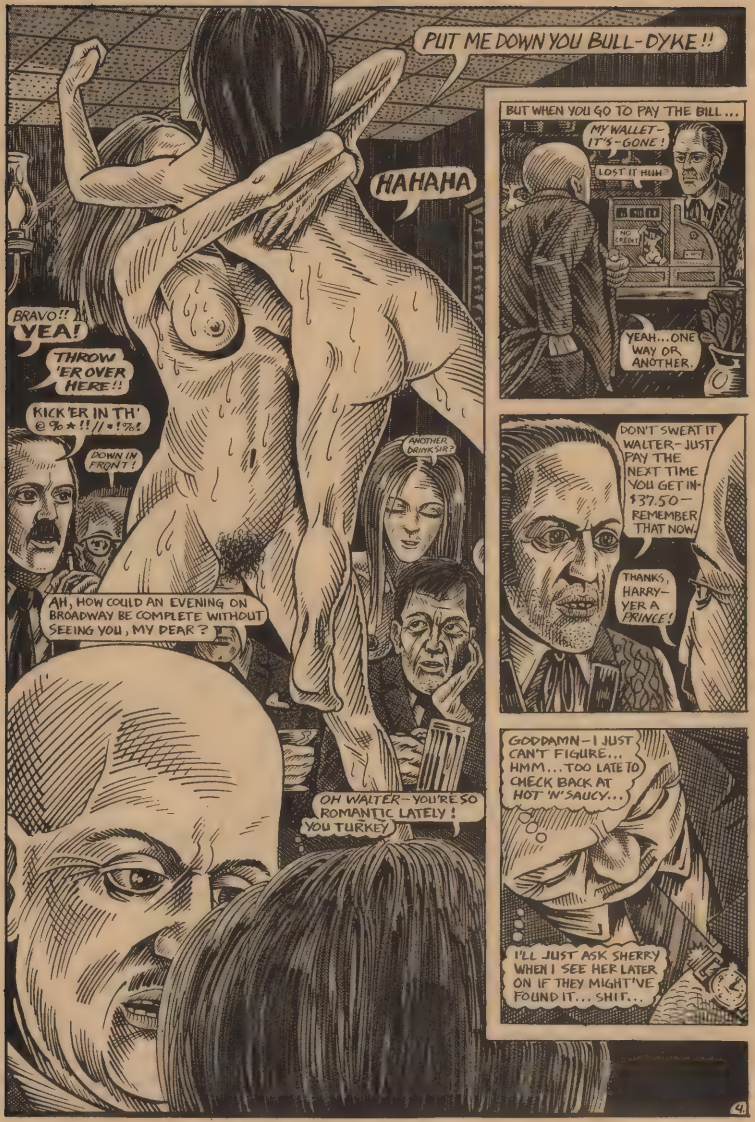
THEN I HIT BIG IN REAL ESTATE – N' SHE'S STILL MARRIED TO A TRUCK DRIVER! HAW HAW! EMPTY ALREADY? HEH HEH
MELLOW AFFECTIONATE Glamyon


SOMETIMES IT'D SURE BE NICE TO HAVE A WOMAN THOUGH... YOU WOULDN'T BE DOING ANYTHING LATER ON YA?

UH... NO – BUT I HAVE TO GO HOME FIRST— CALL ABOUT 2:30, LOVE. HERES THE NUMBER.


YOU HIT THE STREET AGAIN, THIS TIME IN HIGHER SPIRITS.
SADISTIC
ORG
WALTER, YOU SMOOTH TALKIN' SONVABITCH

THERE'S STILL AN HOUR UNTIL CLOSING AND YOU DECIDE TO SPEND IT CELEBRATING WITH ROXANNE.
NAKED LADY
RESTLER
ON STAGE
SLUT!
BITCH!
HIYA ROXIE!
WALTER! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT!
HOT NUDE LESBIAN VIOLENCE!
NO THANX MAN.


PUT ME DOWN YOU BULL-DYKE!!
HAHAHA
BRAVO!! YEA!
THROW 'ER OVER HERE!!
KICK 'ER IN TH' @%*!!//*!%!
DOWN IN FRONT!
ANOTHER DRINK SIR?
AH, HOW COULD AN EVENING ON BROADWAY BE COMPLETE WITHOUT SEEING YOU, MY DEAR?
OH WALTER-YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC LATELY! YOU TURKEY
BUT WHEN YOU GO TO PAY THE BILL...
MY WALLET-IT'S-GONE!
LOST IT HUH?
NO CREDIT
YEAH...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
DON'T SWEAT IT WALTER-JUST PAY THE NEXT TIME YOU GET IN-$37.50-REMEMBER THAT NOW.
THANKS, HARRY-YER A PRINCE!
GODDAMN-I JUST CAN'T FIGURE... HMM... TOO LATE TO CHECK BACK AT HOT 'N' SAUCY...
I'LL JUST ASK SHERRY WHEN I SEE HER LATER ON IF THEY MIGHT'VE FOUND IT... SHIT...

YOU RETURN TO YOUR CAR AND HEAD FOR HOME, SPIRITS DAMPENED BUT NO LESS ANXIOUS FOR YOUR DATE WITH SHERRY.
HOT PINK NUDE FLESH LIVE! NO COVER
ALL NUDE COLLEGE COEDS
50 COUNT 'EM 50 NAKED DANCING GIRLS LIVE BAL 98¢ DRINKS
GODAMN CUNT
TWO THIRTY ARRIVES. FINGERS TREMBLING WITH ANTICIPA— TION, YOU DIAL HER NUMBER.
CLICK! CLICK!
HE-MAN COUTURE
ER-IS-UH SHERRY THERE?
RING RING
AWRITE AWRITE! I HEARS YA'S!
YEH? GREYDOG SCHDULE INFO- WODYA WANT?
WOT IS DIS BUDDY— YER DE THOID CALL TANITE FER DIS SHERRY BROAD···
CLUK

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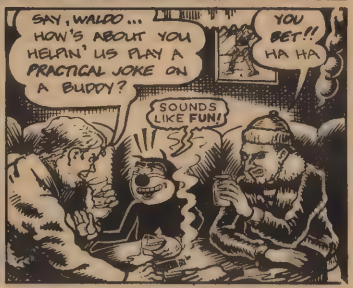
IN DAYS OF
OL' ANGZINE
HMMM! I SHOULD NOT DO THIS THING!
HERE GOES MY CAREER!
LOOK AT ME ON MY Relaxasizer
MU-THER FUKER! IT AIN'T EVEN 9 P.M. AND I'M OUT OH SAUCE!
©'73 JUSTIN GREEN and Kim Deitch

STRAND
SAY, BRUTHA- HOW'D Y'LIKE TO HELP US CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S?
CAN IT BE?

WHADDAYA SAY, HUH?!
I'D LOVE TO FELLAS, BUT I'M OUT OF DINERO IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL PICK-UP TH'TAB!

PRESENTLY
HAPPY
BOY(HIC) YOU GUYS ARE SURE SWELL, I GOT NEW FAITH IN HUMANITY LEMME TELL YA


SAY, WALDO... HOW'S ABOUT YOU HELPIN' US PLAY A PRACTICAL JOKE ON A BUDDY?
YOU BET!! HA HA
SOUNDS LIKE FUN!

GAWPH!
WELL- WE'D BEST GIT GONE! IT'S ALMOST 10 O'CLOCK!
FUCKING A'!
ROOMS 60¢
♪ WHEN ♪ MY DREEM BOAT ♫ (ONE) COMES HOME!
NITE OWL LIQUOR CROCK
HEY YOU FUKN BUMS, GET OFF THE STREET!
HONK
HONK
IT'S ALREADY "NEW YEAR" ON THE EAST COAST...
SHEEH GONNA BE A GREAT YEAR!
MEANWHILE, BACK ON PACIFIC STANDARD TIME...
NO HORSEPLAY IN THE JOHN — MGT
SHHHHH!
BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT. HOW COME YOU GUYS-
HERE'S TH' GUY! HIS MUDDER SENT HIM A FIFTH O' PEACH BRANDY FER XMAS...
YEAH!
AN' HE WOULD NOT GIVE US NONE!
IZZAT SO?
NO TIME IS WASTED IN PREPARING THE STUNT..
BUT I DON'T.
1973
HERE Y'GO— PUT ON DIS COSTUME, AN' DON'T ASK ME NO QUESTIONS!
(SNICK) BEEYOOTIFUL!
WELL HOW DO I LOOK?
HOT DOG!
GOODNIGHT SWEETHAAT
WONK!

DIS MOP WILL PROVIDE JUST TH' RIGHT TOUCH OF AUTHENTICITY!
HAW! HE'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER!
PERFECTO, GARCIA!
FADDER TIME CAN'T HAVE NO TROUSERS, CAN HE?
ALLEY-OOP!
WHUT TH MUTHUFUGA MPH MOOGUUU
WUMP!
NOT BAD - BUT WE STILL NEED SOME RUBBING ALCOHOL AND A SICKLE!
I'LL GO ROUND 'EM UP, CHIEF!
I HOCKED DIS SICKLE AND GAS FER TH' OLD BOY'S SHOES!
GAS
SNORT
I POURED HALF TH' CAN ON HIM - DAT OUGHTA DO IT, HEY?
YOU GUYS GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!
HEY WALDO! QUICK! GRAB DIS AN' HEAVE IT!
WUH!

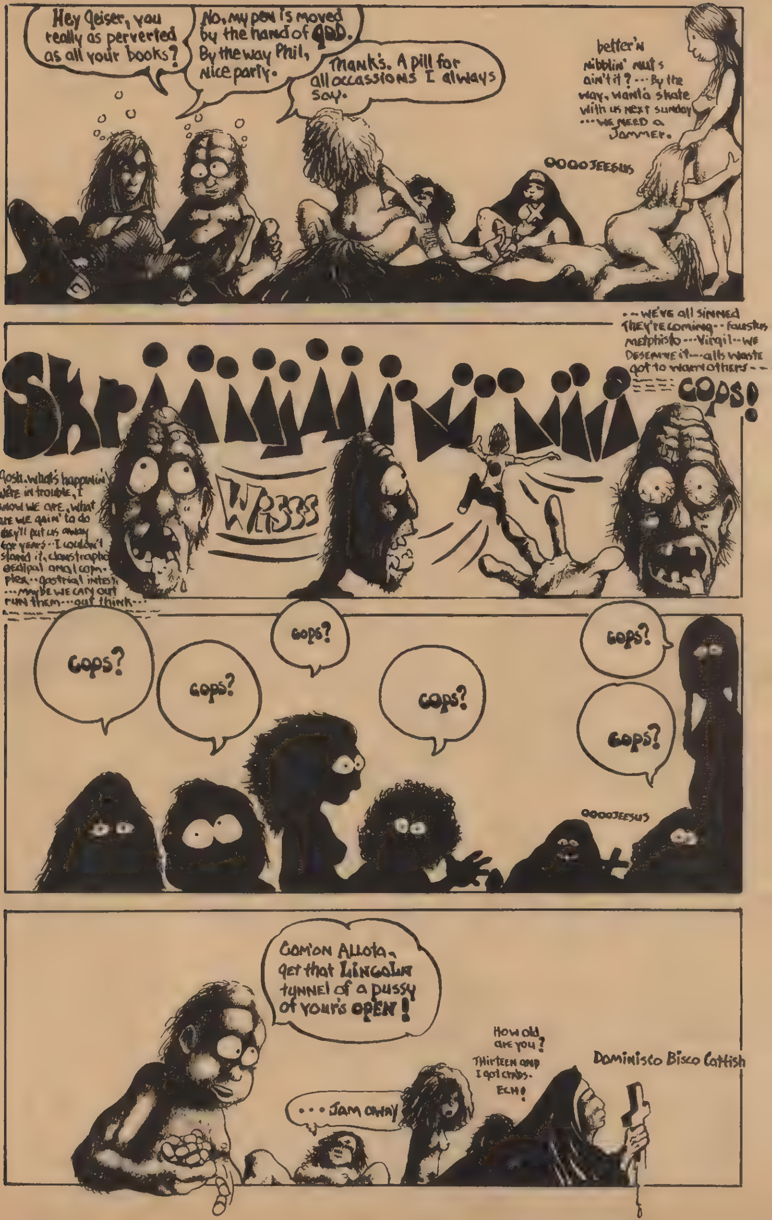
CAMEO PUTSHOTS BY JAY LYNCH & SALLY CRUIKSHANK

NOCTURNAL
Rendezvous
THERE THERE MRS BROWN JUST LOOK AT IT THIS WAY HE'S NO LONGER IN PAIN
WEEP WEEP
MORSO FUNERAL PARLOR
SO THOUGHTFUL IN YOUR TIME OF NEED
MORSO FUNERAL PARLOR
FREE PARKING
RING
WELCOME
SO SORRY MRS BROWN, IF THERES ANY THING I CAN DO BE SURE TO CALL
WHAT COLOR IS SHIT MRS BROWN YOU PITIFUL TWAT! HA HA
SOB SOB
PURSE
BAH!
FOOLS! WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF THE VISSISITUDES OF ETERNAL REST
EEP OUT

R. HAYES + SPAIN

Killin' Possy
..Duck..
PHIL PILL
ALLOTA BOX
Yawn..... 'nother day to kill--- ....Wonder what Phil's up to?
...So I get's a rod and waves it at Smiley, and he shits bile.
Humorous Calliefadeus... what a geese... Hope Phil's not a reality capper.
GEISER
12.
Hey Phil
Hey! Geiser, how the fuck are ya? Look Allota it's the reclusive iconoclast.
Ooooooo
NNNNNGGG
Big fuckin' deal. GULP!

Well Phil, what've ya been up to?
'bout six reds, or was that seven? No, five... aw' hell.. forgot... want a mouth-full? good for ya!
No thanks.... I'll take a red check on those... 'got any coke could use a touch.. reality ya know!
YEA, comin' right up.. allota'll entertain ya.
Cigarette burns dunt hurt...
Nice.
SSSSSS!!!
Shit kit... fun.... MMMMGGGG
how clever!
here's lil' somethin' that'll clear up your day.
YEA
An layin a finger a side a' his nose... His forehead he froze.
SWOOSH


Hey Qeiser, you really as perverted as all your books?
No, my pen is moved by the hand of GOD. By the way Phil, Nice party.
Thanks. A pill for all occassions I always say.
better'n nibblin' nuts ain't it? --- By the way, wanta skate with us next sunday ... we need a Jammer.
OOOOJEESUS
--- we've all sinned They're coming -- Faustus metphisto --- Virgil -- we deserve it --- all's waste got to warn others - - -
COPS!
Skraaiiiiiiiiii
Wissss
gosh. what's happenin' we're in trouble, I know we are. what are we goin' to do they'll put us away for years -- I couldn't stand it, claustraphobic oedipal anal complex -- gastrial intest. --- maybe we can out run them --- out think ---
cops?
cops?
cops?
cops?
cops?
cops?
OOOOJEESUS
Com'on Allota, get that Lincoln tunnel of a pussy of your's OPEN!
... Jam away
How old are you?
Thirteen and I got crabs.
ECH!
Dominisco Bisco Cattish

That's it... Sucikemup!
There ya go... No dope an' packed pussy!
Now where dat flat-foot at?
...'Dun know man... who sounded de alarm?
Genius
CHEEEEZEEEE Jutty
Christ, it's the fuckin' crystal kid... that nervous skeleton's got maskitas in his ears! No sweat gang.
Now now my son.. you have only realized that the pursuit of pleasure is a path laden with sin and degeneracy...
Ken I do it with my tongue?
Let's get back and unstuff da turkey!
Heat's off, cough 'em up..
No Jesus is not cross with you... Eat me for communion
Git 'em if ya can...
...Think my cunt's nodded out!
Zzzzzzz
Crazy kids, hah? Draw your own fuckin' conclusions!

MEGALOPOLIS!! A PROUD, THRIVING "INNER COUNTRY" OF TEN MILLION WITH AN UNCOMPROMISING WILL AND AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, IT HAS FOR DECADES LAUGHED OFF ALL ATTEMPTS TO BEND AND BREAK IT! AND YET HOW EXPLAIN THE SCENE OF CARNAGE YOU SEE NOW··· THE POLICE POWERLESS BEFORE A VAMPIRIC CRIME COMBINE THAT CLAIMS AS ITS OWN THE WEALTH, THE VERY LIFEBLOOD, OF THIS TEEMING, DYNAMIC METROPOLIS··· WHAT MALIGNANT FORCE, WHAT GODLESS INTELLIGENCE COULD HAVE THE AUDACITY AND THE POWER TO DRAIN THUS THE SPINAL FLUID OF THIS GREAT CITY, UNTIL ITS BACKBONE IS AS THE HULL OF A TERMITE-RIDDEN NOAH'S ARK?

BUT WAIT!! WHO IS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK WHO RISES FROM THE ASHES OF THE DREGS OF A ONCE-VITAL CITY'S HOPE, TO CHALLENGE···ALONE AND UNAIDED··· THIS EVIL MACHINE OF GREED AND CONTROL?? THIS AND MANY OTHER QUESTIONS ARE ASKED IN THE DECEPTIVELY INTERESTING ADVENTURE OF···

"the HEAD, the BRAIN, and the BODY!"

WOMAN!! WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU DISTRACT OUR FOLLOWERS??

—AND IMPEDE OUR CONQUEST OF MEGALOPOLIS??

—WHAT SILLY QUESTIONS! I WOULDN'T ANSWER ANY OF THEM EVEN IF I COULD!

OUR TALE BEGINS WHERE ANOTHER ENDED, A YEAR-AND-A-HALF OR SO AGO— ON AN UNCHARTED TROPICAL ISLAND PARADISE WHOSE PROPRIETOR HAD DETERMINED TO HEAVE HIS MENTAL RECORDS OF CIVILIZATION (OF WHICH HE CONSIDERED LOS ANGELES ARCHETYPAL) INTO THE LEAST-VISITED CORNER OF HIS HEAD···

—THANKS, HONEY. GOOD YAWN

HHHO...

HHHH—HHUMK

THEY WIPED OUT 97% OF THE MEGALOPOLIS POLICE FORCE IN THAT CROSS-FIRE!! WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED SHOOTING??!!

I DON' KNOW AN' I AIN'T TURNIN' AROUND TO LOOK AN' SEE!!

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WHICH, AS IT HAPPENS, WAS AND IS THE WHOLE OF HIS EXISTING ANATOMICAL HUMANITY. FOR THIS IS *PETER HEAD*, WHOSE MYSTICALLY POWERED LOOKS-AND-CHARM ASSEMBLY IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ONCE-NORMAL HUMAN FORM.

BY THE LORD HARRY, I MAY AS WELL FACE IT—I'M BORED SHITLESS WITH THIS ISLAND. BUT—?? WHERE ON EARTH COULD I HOPE FOR STIMULATION ?—

PERHAPS SOCIETY

—WHAT'S THIS ?

FOUND A BOAT AGROUND ON THE FAR REEF ··NO SURVIVORS·· ONLY INTERESTING THING IS SOME FAIRLY RECENT NEWSPAPERS

* SEE "THE FLOATING HEAD", PARTS 1+2, IN *REAL PULP COMICS* Nos. 1+2. —ed.

HIRAM POTTEY DIED THREE MONTHS AGO ?—TOO BAD··THOUGH UNFATHOMABLY NAIVE, HIS RESEARCH WAS QUITE BRILLIANT ··IT RAN A SORT OF PARALLEL TO MY OWN, IN FACT, IN A BLITHELY INNOCENT WAY··

—WAIT ! FOR THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS ··EPIDEMIC OF TENDERLOIN HOOKERS THAT WIND UP IN "J"WARD CLAIMING THEIR TRICK TURNED INTO A GIANT

GROAN—?? cough BRAWL—

LADIES !! GET READY TO CAST OFF FOR *MEGALOPOLIS* !

AYE YI, SIR !

SCUTTLE THE YARDARM

ANCHOR THE FO'C'SLE

WEIGH THE POOP-DECK

AS PETER HEAD'S GOOD SHIP "FLOATING HEAD" DOCKS AT MEGALOPOLIS, HE AVAILS HIMSELF OF ONE OF HIS ARTIFICIAL BODIES, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL THING··AND RELAXES HIS TELEPATHIC PERSUASIVE INFLUENCE OVER HIS ENTOURAGE.

···A WORTHY COMPANION! ···THAT'S WHAT I'VE MISSED ALL THESE YEARS !

GOODBYE, LADIES! I'VE ENJOYED YOUR COMPANY.

NEED A NEW BATCH, ANYWAY—

IT *MUST* BE POTTEY ! A BRAIN, WITH SUCH HYPNOTIC CAPACITIES··AND THE POWER TO BURN A LABORATORY AT WILL, I'LL WAGER··THAT'S THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF HIS EVOLUTION EXPERIMENTS··· *HE'D NEVER BE CARELESS ENOUGH TO DIE IN A LAB FIRE; BUT HE COULD GET INTO SOME WEIRD TROUBLE OVER A DAME—*

STEADY AS SHE GOES, GEORGIA·· FEW MORE KNOTS, PAT ··GOOD DINNER, JANE ··WALK THE PLANK, SABRINA···

HEAD'S EXTRAORDINARILY ATTUNED SENSES AND KEEN INTELLIGENCE MAKE CHILD'S PLAY OF THE TASK OF TRACKING DOWN HIRAM POTTEY.

MISS ASHLEY ? SURE, OLD MAN··· COME ON, WE'LL CLEAR UP THE MATTER OF MISS ASHLEY ONCE AND FOR ALL

THE FOLLOWING DAYS FIND PROF. POTTEY RESPONDING RAPIDLY TO HEAD'S MEDICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT···

MUST GET HIM PAST THE JUVENILE STAGE OF THE FIRST DESPERATE INFATUATION, AS WELL AS RESTORING THE PHYSICALLY DAMAGED PARTS OF THE BRAIN

···UNTIL, SOON···

OH, I'M FEELING FINE, PETE ! NICE TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ···DORA ASHLEY. WELL, THAT WAS A PRETTY FUNNY EPISODE, REALLY···

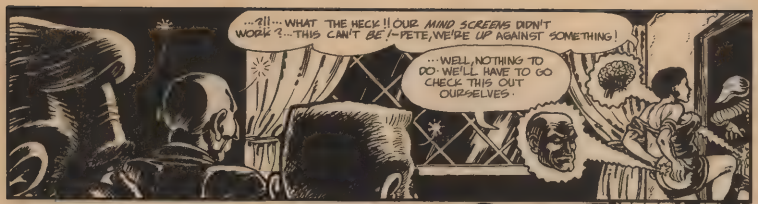
SUCCESS ! THE THERAPY IS COMPLETE ! STRANGE··HE'S LIKE MY ALTER EGO··THE SAME PASSION FOR CONTROL, BUT WITHOUT CYNICISM OR EGO · BUT LIKE ME, HE'S UNTAINTED BY COMPASSION· WE'RE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN·

YOU SAY YOU DID ALL THIS··SOUGHT ME OUT, BROUGHT ME BACK TO MYSELF··TO PROPOSE A CRIME PARTNERSHIP ?

PRECISELY, HIRAM

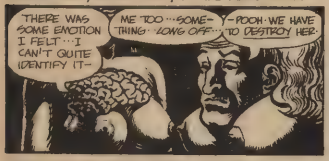
LOOK DOWN THERE! 10,000,000 PEOPLE! THE MOST BELLIGERENT ¼ OF 1% OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION EVER GATHERED IN ONE AREA! ALMOST INFINITE ENERGY··· AND SIMULTANEOUSLY, OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF INERTIA TO OVERCOME! INCALCULABLE FORCE, GROUND TO THE STAND-STILL WHICH MUST ULTIMATELY BE THE TRIGGER FOR ITS EXPLOSION - UNLESS IT SIMPLY COLLAPSES UNDER ITS OWN WEIGHT!···
- IT'S NEVER BEEN COMPLETELY AND DELIBERATELY CONTROLLED!
SOLD, PETER· PARTNERS WE ARE
GOOD! LET'S START ORGANIZING···
AND WITHIN DAYS···
EVERYTHING'S READY! IN TEN MINUTES BEGINS OUR TAKEOVER OF ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE, CRIMINAL ACTIVITY, AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT FEEDS THE MORALE OF THE CITY!
OBOY!
AS RESPECTIVE CHIEFTAINS OF THE BROTHERHOOD AND THE BROTHERS, AREN'T YOU GUYS HAPPY TO SEE YOUR GANGS UNITED UNDER ONE FLAG?
···AND SO I'M HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO WORK WITH SUCH AN AMENABLE CREW· AS MAYOR AND POLICE CHIEF, YOU'LL CONDUCT THE TOTAL REORGANIZATION OF ALL DEPARTMENTS
AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, YOU OLD FART! WE WON'T BE THROWING AWAY YOUR DEFENSE PROFITS - JUST USING 'EM A LITTLE MORE CONSTRUCTIVELY·
WITH A COORDINATED PRECISION THAT IS TO HENRY KISSINGER AS TINA TURNER IS TO MOMS MABLEY, THE HEAD-POTTEY MOVEMENT BEGINS· IN THEIR HIDEOUT THEY TELL DIRTY JOKES AND DIRECT THE OPERATION AS THEIR GANG SYSTEMATICALLY SEIZES THE VARIOUS MEGALOPOLITAN CENTERS OF CONTROL ···
SHE'S GOOD· DOES SHE KNOW ALL THE NIGHT CLUBS IN TOWN ARE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT?
TAKE A REST, POPS! I'LL DIG THE CHICKIE'S CONFESSION··
ON BEHALF O' DE NEW OWNUHS O' DE WORLD'S BIGGEST TV STATION AN' NEWSPAPUH, MAY I TANK YOUSE AN' BID YOUSE "HAPPY RETIREMENT"?
YOU BOYS CAN SPLIT· THE WHOLE VICE SQUAD HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO SALT LAKE CITY·
DON'T FEEL BAD, NONE OF THE OTHER SHRINKS IN TOWN MET THE NEW LICENCING REQUIREMENTS EITHER· BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'VE GOT REPLACEMENTS FOR ALL OF YOU···
SOON MEGALOPOLIS IS A BURG WITHOUT SPIRIT, WHERE SLUMLORDS FORGET TO RAISE THE RENT AND APATHETIC RAPISTS IGNORE A BEAUTIFUL NEW STRANGER IN TOWN· - BUT WAIT! DID NOT THEIR HEADS TURN?
EVERYTHING'S GOIN' LIKE CLOCKWORK! DON'T IT MAKE YOUSE FEEL IN HAHMONY WIT' DE UNIVOISE?
YEP! ANNUDDA CUPPLA WEEKS AN' WE'LL RUN MEGALOPOLIS! DEN WE'LL EXPLAIN HOW DEY'LL BE A LOT BETTA OFF·
DAT'S DE STUFF· DEY'LL T'ANK US ONCET WE PUTS 'EM STRAIGHT·
···ON'Y ONE T'ING BODDAS ME··· I KEEP T'INKIN' IT'D BE NICE IF A ELEGUNT LADY WUZ HERE···
DAT'S RIGHT··· I'D LIKE T' DO SOME RUBDUB WIT' A SUPER-CLASSY BROAD ···WUNDA WHY WE'RE BOT' T'INKIN' O' DAT?
I WONDER, TOO··· THIS NATTY CLASSO SORT WEARS THIN FAST·
IN THIS CITY TURNED MAUSOLEUM, WHO IS THIS WOMAN WHOSE VERY PRESENCE REKINDLES FIRES?

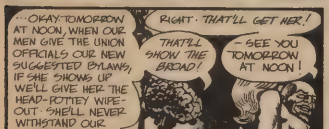
NOTHING MORE SATISFYING THAN A SMOOTHLY-RUNNING CONTROL EXPERIMENT, EH? A LITTLE COIN HERE, A LITTLE MUSCLE THERE, AND THE CITY'S OURS... COURSE IT'D BE NO FUN TO JUST CONTROL 'EM ALL TELEPATHICALLY, BUT IT'S NICE TO HAVE THAT OPTION FOR THE STUBBORN TYPES.
YEAH - I SURE LIKE A MASSAGE, DON'T YOU?
BUT!... AS THE HEAD-POTTEY REPRESENTATIVES MAKE THEIR ROUTINE CALLS - THEY ENCOUNTER AN OBSTACLE THE DISEMBODIED DUO HASN'T FORESEEN...!
...FROM NOW ON WE'LL TELL YOU TURKEYS WHAT POLITICS THE PUBLIC WANTS FROM YOU - IT'S A WASTE OF TIME TO LISTEN TO THEM... IT'LL JUST DISTRACT YOU... UH-----
NOW WHAT THE HECK WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF "PANTHOUSE" MAGAZINE, HEAD/POTTEY PUPPET-EDITOR BOB JUSTLUST WINDS UP A DAY'S SHOOTING.
THAT'S IT, LOOK SWEETLY AT YOUR JUGS WHILE YOU FINGER YOUR CUNT... REMEMBER, YOU HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A VIRGIN AND A WHORE AT ONCE OR ELSE THEY WON'T BEAT OFF TO IT, CAWW
GOD, THERE'S NOTHING MORE BORING THAN PHOTOGRAPHING PIN-UP BITCHES ALL DAY...
-WHO'S THAT?
ULP----!!
HEY, I GOTTA HURRY UP! I CAN'T DIDDLE MYSELF AND SMILE ALL DAY!
OF COURSE, HEAD & POTTEY CAN'T RESIST A BANK ROBBERY NOW AND THEN:
NOW EVERYBODY JUST STAND LIKE YOU'RE PARALYZED! WE DON'T WANT NOBODY MOVIN' BUT US, 'TIL WE'RE OUT THE DOOR-----
WHO IS THIS WOMAN? WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? WHY IS SHE GUMMING UP OUR OPERATIONS? OUR MEN ALL COME BACK LOVE-STRUCK MORONS!!
IT'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT--BUT NO PROBLEM.
"WE'LL JUST IMPLANT A TELEPATHIC "BLINDER" BEFORE SENDING THEM OUT AGAIN. THEY WON'T NOTICE HER NOW IF SHE SITS IN THEIR FACES."
AND PRESENTLY, EN ROUTE TO A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE CITY'S RATHER IMPRACTICAL GAMBLING LAWS:
AIN'T BROADS DUMB, FELLAS?
SURE. NOW YOU TAKE UDDER GUYS. DEY LET DERE HEADS GET TONED BY A FRAIL.
AIN'T DAT FOOLISH, WHEN YOU CAN KEEP A CLEAR HEAD IF YOU-----
4



THUS, COMES EVENING, WE SEE THE INVISIBLE HEAD AND POTTEY AT A MEETING OF THEIR DIPLOMATS AND THE CITY'S PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY COMPANY EXECUTIVES...

BACK AT HEAD/POTTEY H.Q., IN "THE MEN'S ROOM"...





11:45 THE NEXT MORNING: THE H&P MEDIATORS START ARRIVING AT THE UNION HALL—AND SO, AS IF HOMING IN ON AN ELECTRONIC MUSK-BEAM, DOES THE DAME WHOSE PRESENCE TURNS BOYS TO MEN AND MEN TO BOYS.

...WHOOEY!—WAIT! WHAT ARE WE DOING? SHE'S GOT US DIVIDED AND CONQUERED! WE'VE GOT TO UNITE AND COUNTERATTACK!
RIGHT! —FORCES TO MARSHALL; LET'S TO IT!
BRRZZAAAP SPTSPTKRSSKKRREEEEE
LET'S TO IT! SHAKE!
SHAKE!
-SPUT
BONG
PPHHHHH
-WHOOOOSH-
PUFF PFF PANT
AND NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN A CONFUSING AMBIANCE OF LONG-FORGOTTEN TRUTH, THE TWO SUPERMINDS BEGIN TO FATHOM THE SIMPLE MYSTERY OF CREATION.
HEAD AND POTTEY, WHO MADE OF LOVE, IF NOT AN ART, AT LEAST A CRAFT: IS THE H/P. LOVE-CRAFT EBBING OR FLOWING? THIS COULD BE THEIR LAST CHANCE...
NO WONDER WE CAN'T COMBAT HER, MINDWISE! —SHE'S PURE BODY! IT'S AS IF SHE HAS NO MIND! WE CREATED HER!
BOY, I'M TIRED
—GULP
...NO HARD FEELIN'S, MA?
BURBLE
GOO
...AND THAT, ON EARTH AT ANY RATE, WAS THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THEM...
GENTLEMEN
WHERE'S HEAD?
?
WHERE'S POTTEY?
...WHO DID CREATE HER? OR VICE-VERSA...
—ANYHOW, IT JUST PROVES ONCE AGAIN: YOU CAN'T FIGHT THE MAMA!
END

CONT. FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

TURN UPSIDE DOWN
R. HAYES

Sigh..Nothing to do now
but wait for the next DREGS scan.